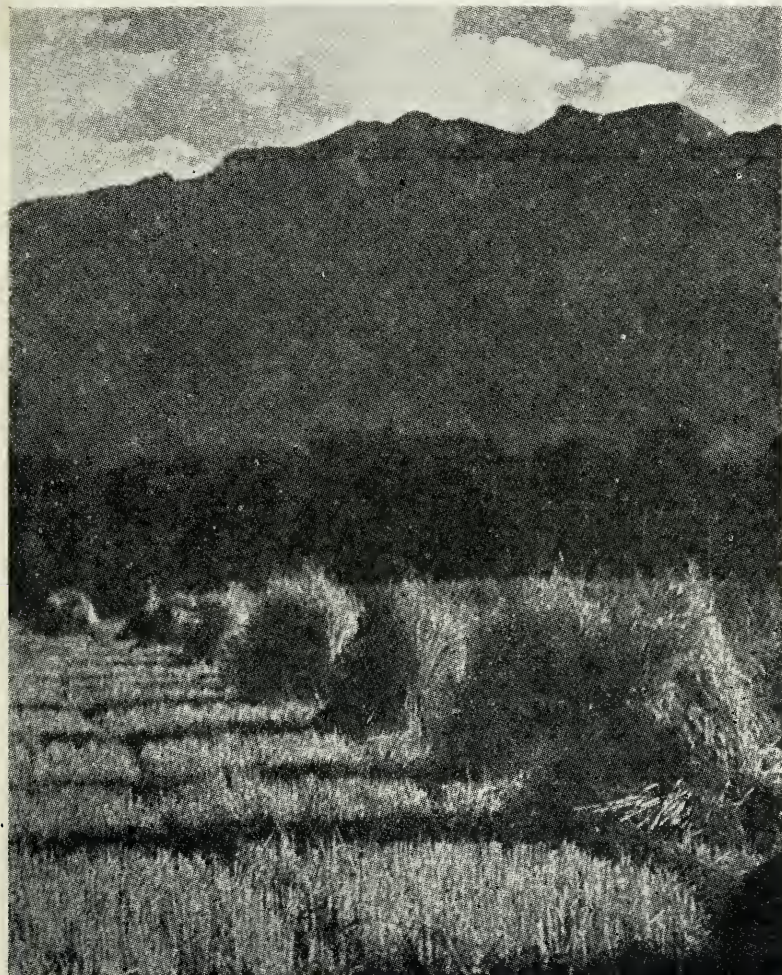


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Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me.—Ezekial 3: 17



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THIS WEEK'S COVER

AUTUMN brings a certain sadness, for though it is the harvest season it intimates the chill of winter. In another sense it is a prophecy of spring. Our cover this week depicts the glory of this favoured of the seasons when nature's vari-coloured richness greets the eye in all directions. In the springtime of your life and in the summer are you preparing for the harvest? See page 641.



IN THIS ISSUE

How can the peoples of the world reach a lasting peace? See page 646.

A noted naturalist records his observations of the tobacco habit. See page 654.

The Sower And The Sheaves

By PRESIDENT HUGH B. BROWN

“AND he spake many things unto them in parables, saying, Behold, a sower went forth to sow; And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up: Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth: And when the sun was up, they



Gathering the Harvest

were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them: But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundred fold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold . . .

“Hear ye therefore the

parable of the sower. When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which received seed by the wayside. But he that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it; Yet hath he not root in himself, but endureth for awhile: for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended. He also that received seed among the thorns is he that heareth the word; and the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful. But he that received seed into the good ground is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty.” (Matt. 13: 3-8, 18-23)

Autumn is in many ways the most glorious of the seasons. It is Nature's pay day; and there is beauty and abundance everywhere.

Autumn speaks not only of the coming of winter and of another spring but brings memories of the spring that was. It is the time of proving of the one and warning to the other. It proves the quality of the seeds and soil and with sheaves re-

wards the sower. It warns the future sower to guard against the wicked one and his destructive devices. The careful husbandman is quite aware that some of the seeds are not accounted for and diligently he seeks the cause of failure.

We who work in the vineyard of the Master note the changing seasons in our work. When the spring has passed and the growth and ripening of summer has led us into fall, we too wonder what the harvest will bring forth.

For one hundred years in this land missionaries have been busy preparing soil, planting seed which is the Word, and nurturing tender plants. The present might be likened to the autumn of British Mission history. It will discover some shallow soil, and see where the tempter's wiles played havoc; where the rocks defeated the efforts of rootless plants and where the thorns of riches and life's pleasures caused the seed to be unfruitful. It will show, however, that the great majority of the seed was received into good ground and has brought forth thirty, sixty, or an hundred fold.

During this mission autumn time in Britain, many of the sowers are called to other fields where it is spring and all is ready for the planting. While they are away, we who remain may be required to assume new duties. The Master will note the percentage of our increase; will analyze the causes and will sort and grade and grant rewards according to our merits.

There are some who will fall away—they received the word with joy, but in their shallow soil the roots could not take hold. Some were more interested in the sowers than in the cause for which they worked. Others have been choked by the cares and riches and pleasures of life. They became unfruitful. He will call the faithful together and say to them:

"It is given unto you to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven . . . For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath. Therefore speak I to them in parables: because they seeing, see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand." (Matt. 13: 11-13)

During this period of reorganization, when many of the branches are left without presiding officers and regular schedules cannot be followed, when adjustment and inconvenience and some sacrifice is necessary, the quality of the testimonies of the saints will be apparent.

In all great causes there are fairweather followers. When the storms of opposition come, they weaken and withdraw. Others, made of sterner stuff, fight on, gain strength from the struggle, take firmer hold on the solid soil of faith and are unshaken.

Endure to the end is the divine injunction. A quick and promising start will avail but little if one does not finish the course.

"Not all that say Lord, Lord, shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

The fact that the going was hard, that there were disappointments, disillusionment and sorrow will not justify our failure. In fact, the Master knows that hardships produces hardihood and therefore He has few hot-house plants in all His vineyard.

"The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light,
That stood out in the open plain
And always got his share of rain,
Never became a forest king—
But lived and died a scrubby thing.

The man who never had to toil
Who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air
Never became a manly man
But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow in ease—
The stronger wind, the stronger trees.
The farther sky, the greater length,
The more the storm, the more the strength.
By sun and cold, by rain and snow,
In trees or man, good timbers grow.

Where thickest stand the forest growth
We find the patriarchs of both
And they hold counsel with the stars
Whose broken branches show the scars
Of many winds and much of strife.
This is the common law of life."



IN MEMORIAM

ELLWOOD—Sister Susanah Jacks Ellwood, 53, of South Shields Branch, passed away on Wednesday, September 13th. Sister Ellwood was a faithful member of the Church and will long be remembered by the missionaries for her many considerations to them.



Sister Ellwood

During the last war, she served as first counsellor in the branch Relief Society and was directly responsible for a great deal of the work done for the soldiers at that time. Sister Ellwood leaves the memory of an honest and upright character which will be an example to all who knew her.

The burial service was conducted Saturday, September 16th, in the home by Brother George Wappett of the District Presidency; and Brother Stanley Short dedicated the grave.

POETRY

PRAISE

Praise is a look in honest eyes
 And no word said;
 Praise is a gentle cupping hand
 On weary head;
 Praise is a smile that makes the heart
 Feel richly fed.

—*Frances Hall*

GOALS

I have seen a high hill
 Bathed in sunset glow
 While a purple valley
 Lay at peace below.

I have seen horizons
 Melt into the sea
 While a plaintive wind song
 Found its way to me.

Why should I seek horizons,
 High hills, or sunset skies?
 I have seen the love light
 Dancing in your eyes!

—*Edith Cherrington*

PINNACLE

The road to age is ever upward,
 And the climb is hard and new,
 But upon the highest mountains
 One obtains the grandest view!

—*Kathrya Kendall*



Man's Greatest Task

By ELDER JACK H. ADAMSON

WAR—why? Peace—how? These are the burning questions of the day. Latter-day Saints as advocates of both Science and Religion should be highly gratified to find that between certain lines of scientific thought and our religion, there is complete accord on these two vital questions.

Science and Religion agree that war is the result of certain evil forces such as envy, greed, jealousy, hatred, bigotry, ignorance, lust, etc. These evil forces, being prevalent among men are consequently prevalent among nations, and are the root causes of all strife. What, then, is the remedy for these evils? We ask Religion.



We might safely sum up the religious attitude by saying that evil has its origin not with God but with Satan. Satan has become the "traditional incarnation of all that is evil, all that would plague, or destroy." Now, says Religion, there is one method by which all the wiles of Satan, or forces of evil if you prefer, may be frustrated, and that is by living the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The

fundamental principles are laid down in Matthew's Gospel.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Love is so opposed to all that is evil, that we hear one of the apostles express it, "God is Love." To sum up, Religion tells us that a universal application of the principles of love of God and love of men would defeat the forces of Satan and bring about an era of righteousness and freedom from wars.

Turning to Science, we find that it rather scoffs at the religious idea of the origin of evil. Evil, says Science, is due to the "brute inheritance." To explain—all life was derived from a common source and by evolution or gradual process of development man has become what he is. Thus, man's ancestry was necessarily animal. Food-getting was the prime necessity of the first men, and thus life for them became an everlasting slaughter in which only the fiercest fighters, the craftiest and strongest survived. So, says Science, we have inherited these instincts from our brute ancestors. Although we have progressed mightily in intelligence, our progress in kindness has been slow.

How then shall we overcome these inherent evils that wars might cease and men might pursue "life, liberty and happiness?" Science answers, the brute inheritance can be thrown off by understanding and applying the principles of evolution. To explain, evolutionists say that a constant hunt for prey makes the eye of the weasel keen, strong and piercing; while running about underground has made the mole blind. Similarly, much pounding of the anvil makes the blacksmith's arm strong; much reclining on a couch made Nero soft and weak. Thus, to formulate a rule, exercise of the body, or any part of it, develops that part and makes it strong. On the other hand, disuse makes the body or any part of it, weak. Now, says Science, this applies to these inherited evil attributes. If we exercise greed, hatred, envy, bigotry, etc., these evil passions grow strong like the blacksmith's arm and we are predominated by them. We preserve the brute inheritance. But by the *exercise* of one moral virtue these evil passions wither away as have the rudimentary toes on the horse, and our higher self predominates. This one moral virtue that so needs to be exercised if the "soul of the world is to be saved" is—LOVE. Is it not a real thrill for the Christian to find that the scientist with his magnifying glass and measuring tape has reached the same conclusion as the prophet, namely, "God is Love."

Religion and Science agree then that the way to peace is to teach people to exercise love. This is not an easy task. We have a powerful temptation to resist evil with evil. "We try to cast out Satan with Satan," but Satan can only be cast out by love. How can we help men to believe in the brotherhood of man and Fatherhood of God, in short, to love one another?

Our task, it seems to me, is to give all men a common basis, in a firmer centre around which to build their understanding of each other; an understanding that would develop into love.

Could anyone suggest a finer basis for common love than the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its fulness? Could anything be more conducive to peace than the words of Paul, "God hath made of one blood all nations," or the words of Jesus concerning the Fatherhood of God? The Gospel of Jesus, the Great Physician, is the cure for human ills. It is the sacred duty of Latter-day Saints by their lives, actions, and also by precept, to ceaselessly teach it. "The Gospel of the Kingdom must be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations."

It has been said that the establishment of peace is the greatest task man has ever been given. If it is the greatest task, the greatest reward ever given has been offered for its accomplishment, for we read:

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the sons of God."

A great task, an even greater reward—this, then, is the new frontier for great men. Let us face the future confidently, cheerfully, determined to conquer on this frontier, knowing that those who do will be the future men of history—the men after whom future generations will proudly name their sons.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1939

EDITORIAL

The Gospel Of Love

WHEN the world has lost its quietude, its sunshine and its flowers—when dark clouds fog the blue heavens—the natural response of the human mind is to send out a current of gloom, making us receptive to pessimism and dejection. When things go wrong and this reaction takes place discontent and unhappiness become contagious. As soon as our own little sphere begins to wobble we look around for someone with whom we can share our grief. It seems to be an instinct of the human family to wish to spread individual despondencies. Those who seem not effected at the moment become targets for those stricken with the malady of self-pity and moodiness. More and more succumb as this campaign goes on and the skies continue to darken. Even so, it isn't unnatural that such a reaction in our make-ups should come about. Man is sensitive to the influence of his environment and if that environment is one of gloom and he is unable to resist its pressure, it is not to his discredit if he is affected by it. When he is enmeshed in a world suddenly gone mad he is not to be blamed if he falls in line with his environment.

What then is to be done? Is there an antidote for this form of mental cancer?

Several centuries ago there was One who refused to allow disruptions of the world to affect His life. The understanding Jesus taught and lived the Gospel of Love and overcame the world. Love in its various applications is a powerful enough agency to overcome these ailments that threaten our happiness and security. If we love as the Master did we will be immune from the germs of discontentment no matter what our lot may be or how heavy our burden may become.

To remain immune is only part of the fight however. If we are not to succumb to the suction of pessimism we must do more than merely remain listless and indifferent when we are exposed to the contagion. We must strive not only to neutralize but to dispel the gloom with love and its counterparts, joy and contentment.

The Influence Of A Smile

ONE of the first evidences of love—that love which comes from the heart—is the optimism of a smile. A smile will do more to bolster spirits and help others with their problems than a dozen words of sympathy. Smiles and happiness and

their accompanying buoyancy appear to be strangers to us when the world goes wrong. If, however, we would take these friendly strangers into our hearts the dark clouds would disappear, the sunshine would return to souls. As long as we allow the influence of a muddled world to affect our dispositions and through us those of our associates, the darkness will remain. Let us strive to spread happiness continually. Let us never allow discouragement nor dejection to prey on our spirits. Congeniality is better than condolence. Animation is better than weariness. Cheerfulness is better than solemnity.

Spread The Gospel Of Love

IF we will in this simple way spread happiness instead of despair the joy resulting will be limitless. It is easy just now to leave the job of "blues-chasing" to others but that will not alter our own condition. It is here that a smile will help. A word of good cheer accompanied by a smile will do much for the recipient but far more for the one who gives. And once we start giving a smile for a frown, encouragement for lamentations and love for envy there will come great changes in this complex society. Each of those we inject will realize they have been missing something and will do a little experimenting on their own and eventually emerge from the clinging gloom and become disciples of happiness and apostles of love. Beginning in family circles our antidote will spread to neighbourhoods, to communities, cities, and even nations and will make the way for permanent and lasting peace under the governorship of the Prince of Peace. But the antidote does not spread like infection or contagion. It must be ingrafted from heart to heart. Therefore we must do more in our campaign against depression than merely fight off its attacks. We must assume the role of evangelists for the Gospel of Love and administer cheer to the mourners of dead enthusiasm who expect tearful sympathy and dirge-like pity. We must enlist the services of all who are willing to rid themselves of depression and set out with happy hearts and cheerful faces. We must work efficiently and quickly lest those elements of happiness estranged in this chaotic world are banished by gloom and dampened spirits.

Let us sing and teach the happy song of Robert Browning's beloved little Pippa:

"The year's at the spring,
And the day's at the morn
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

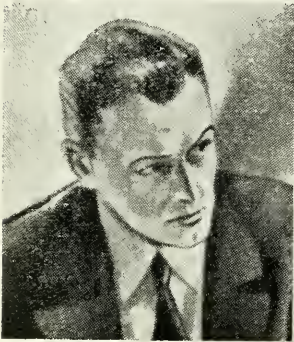
—JOHN E. GILLESPIE, JR.

How Poor A Thing

By MABEL HARMER

FROM THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

CELIA HUNTER glanced up the road now to see David Marshall's two little boys trudging along on their way to school, little Jerry's cap just barely showing above the top of the fence. As they reached the gate she waved as usual, but instead of waving back and going on, they opened the gate and came up the walk. Celia went down to meet them.



*"I'm sorry if they
bothered you."*

"Hello, boys," she greeted them. "How are you this morning."

"We're fine," answered seven-year-old Bud, spokesman by reason of his one year seniority. "We thought that maybe you would give us some of your lilacs to take to the teacher."

"Why, of course. I'll be glad for someone else to have some of them. There must be hundreds on these bushes. We'll pick a big bouquet for each of you."

"Your flowers are prettier than anyone else's," Bud commented, as Celia began breaking off branches, "and your house is prettier, and I guess you're prettier."

"Thank you, young man." Celia was amazed to feel the colour creeping into her cheeks because of a child's compliment. "And that was a very pretty speech. Do you think we have enough flowers now?"

"I guess so. Anyway, we can stop by tomorrow and get some more," Bud answered complacently.

"Of course you can," Celia agreed with a smile, as she released the branch and turned around. A few minutes later the boys were once more on their way to school while Celia sat staring after them with yearning eyes. . . ."

It was queer the way things had turned out after all these years. She and David had grown up together on the neighbouring places of their parents, had hunted the first flowers of the spring and the last coloured leaves of autumn together. They had become engaged while they were still in high school. Then there had been that fateful evening soon after graduation when they had quarrelled over something so trifling that she could scarcely remember afterwards what it had all been about. In her pique she had gone to the annual school picnic with a visiting boy from the city while David had taken Viola, blonde and tiny with a doll-like face. The next day David and Viola had run away and married.

No one but Celia knew what a blow it had been, but she held

her head high and kept her heartache and disappointment to herself. But she had never been able to bring herself to marry anyone else. She had given all of her love to David.

What his feelings had been after his hasty marriage no one had any way of knowing, of course. After the birth of the second little boy, Viola had taken ill, and they had scarcely been seen at the village gatherings.

Her musings were interrupted by Hilda, the Swedish girl who assisted with the housework. "Do I make chocolate, or nut cake for the party tonight, Miss Celia?" she asked.

"We'll have chocolate cake Hilda, but I'll come in and make it myself when I've had three more whiffs of this delicious morning. . . ."

Jed and Marcia Patten from across the road called for her at dusk, and they drove a short distance to a social. "You take a whirl with Celia," Marcia said to her husband as they stepped inside the hall. "I promised to help in the kitchen for awhile."

"You bet I will," Jed responded enthusiastically, as Celia handed her cape to Marcia.

They had circled the hall twice when Celia's quick glance caught David sitting at one side. It was the first time she had seen him at a social gathering of any kind in years, and her first feeling of surprise was followed by one of sympathy for his careworn appearance. Poor David, she thought. He must indeed have been having a hard time. But on second thought, it was no worry of hers. He had chosen his own path, and if it had turned out to be a thorny one, he had only himself to blame. She caught his gaze intent upon her and was careful to keep her head turned in the other direction.

The evening was almost half over before he came to where she stood.

"Oh, hello, David," she greeted him in cool, even tones, as if they had never been on friendlier terms than that of the merest speaking acquaintance. "It's nice to see you."

"Thank you," he answered, and then after a brief hesitation, "may I—will you dance with me?"

"Of course, I'd be glad to." Pleasant enough words, except that the tones were much more polite than friendly, and the smile was far too brittle.

David's arm around her once more! David's eyes were looking into hers with just a dash of that wilfulness that she had learned to love so long ago, and that had been the cause of their undoing. But Celia's face reflected none of the tumult that went on within her heart, for more important than any of this was her pride—her pride that had been hurt so badly when David left her for another girl. So she kept smiling politely and carried on a meaningless conversation about people and things that mattered less than nothing. . . .

The following Sunday was Mother's Day, and as Hilda had been given the entire day off to spend at home, Celia stayed home from church to take care of the housework.

She was glad when the doorbell rang. Interruptions of any kind were a diversion, but she was surprised to see that her callers were Bud and Jerry, for they had never before ventured within her gate except when she was visible on the outside of the house.

"Come in, boys," she said, smiling down at them. "I suppose you're just on your way home from Sunday School."

"Yes'm" Bud answered. "We brought you something."

"Something for me? How lovely. What is it?"

"These." Bud held forth a large square, white envelope and Jerry promptly followed suit.

Celia opened the first one and drew forth a Mother's Day card. On the cover was a picture of a flower-bedecked garden gate. She turned to the inside and started to read the verse, but the title "Mother Dear" was all she could see through the tears that were fast dimming her eyes.

"They gave them to us at Sunday School to give to our mother, but we didn't have a mother at home to take them to, so we thought we would bring them to you," Bud explained. Then, a bit fearful because Celia had made no response, he questioned, "Don't you like them?"

Celia dropped to her knees and gathered both boys in her arms. "Of course I do," she cried. "I love them, and I love you."

A few minutes later the boys were on their way again, each with an orange in one hand and a piece of cake in the other, while Celia stood in the doorway looking after them with tears starting afresh now that there were no puzzled eyes watching her.

When the bell rang again half an hour later, she went back to the door and found David standing there.

"The boys just came home," he said, "and they told me. I'm sorry if they bothered you. They meant well, you know."

"Of course they did," Celia replied quickly. "It was sweet of them." There was a dangerous break in her voice. Oh dear, if she could only keep those tears back this time.

"Celia," David's voice was husky, too, now. "I've been an awful fool. I've been too proud to come near you because you have so much and I so little. Your home is so beautiful, while I—"

"Why, David," Celia interrupted, "it is you who have much. What is my home compared to your boys?"

"David's face filled with a new light and hope. "Then you might be willing to—Oh, Celia, I love you so much."

"And I you, David," she answered softly, as his arms went around her. "I, too, have been nurturing my pride, and what a poor thing pride really is!"

"Too poor a thing to crowd out love," he said, as his lips touched her dark hair.



Change

By MARBA C. JOSEPHSON

FROM THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

PROBABLY the surest thing about life on this earth is the constant change which is everywhere manifest. Spring follows winter; summer, spring; autumn, summer; and winter, autumn. Children become youths; youths, adults. Those whom we love pass from this earth into a new sphere of action and we are left to grope alone, taking comfort only from the fact that we know we shall meet them again, if we live worthily.

At first when change comes, we too frequently tend to become rebellious. We wish that things could remain as they are; that we didn't have to make readjustments to the altered conditions. But when we have had time to consider, we learn that hard as the wrench was at the time of the change, greater good resulted. Without change, life would be static; there could be no progress.

Truth is the only element that remains constant. But we who are human must change constantly as we learn truth. Our mortal minds cannot grasp the whole of truth at once. Therefore a constant study is necessary that we may approximate truth. That is the fundamental principle behind the Gospel. In our growth, we seem to change the face of truth, when in reality all we change is our own horizons which broaden to accept more of truth.

As we grow in the Church, we see many of our beloved leaders pass on to greater fields of activity. We lament their passing and wonder how we can be appeased in their loss. But the work moves forward, and we come to see that in our sorrow we have reached a fuller understanding of the very principles which they expounded with such diligence. In our love for them and their zeal, we resolve that we will change our lives so that we may be permitted to rejoin them at the end of our mortal journey. It is we who have changed, not the Gospel.

Change therefore in our own lives is desirable and necessary as we struggle to comprehend eternal truth which changes not.

Tobacco, Tombstones And Profits

By LUTHER BURBANK

FROM THE INSTRUCTOR

YOU have seen pictures of military cemeteries near great battlefields. Upon every headstone is chiselled "Killed In Action." If one knew nothing about war, these headstones would be sufficient to impress upon him that war is deadly—that it kills.

How much would you know about tobacco if on the tombstone of everyone killed by it were inscribed "KILLED BY TOBACCO"? You would know a lot more about it than you do now, but you would not know all because tobacco does more than kill; IT HALF KILLS. It has its victims in the cemeteries and in the streets. It is bad enough to be dead but it is a question if it is not sometimes worse to be half-dead—to be nervous, irritable, unable to sleep well, with efficiency cut in two and vitality ready to snap at the first great strain. This seems like exaggeration. It isn't. It is well within the truth. You do not know the facts because you are not permitted to know them. It is profitable to slowly poison you and millions of others, so you are poisoned. You were only a child when you were urged to smoke cigarettes. A little later you saw advertisements in which your attention was called to cigars and smoking tobacco.

Chewing and smoking are set forth by the tobacco trusts as delightful, harmless pastimes. It is even declared that the use of tobacco is beneficial—that it "soothes" the nerves. Chloroform soothes the nerves, too. A small bottle will soothe them forever.

Let me tell you how tobacco kills. Smokers do not all drop dead around the cigar lighters in tobacco stores. They go away and years later die of something else. From the tobacco trust's point of view that is one of the finest things about tobacco. The victims do not die on the premises even when sold the worst cigars. They go away and when they die doctors certify that they died of something else—pneumonia, heart disease, typhoid fever, or what not. In other words, tobacco kills indirectly and escapes the blame. Nicotine, after you have used it a while, puts you in a condition to be "bumped off" by the first thing that hits you.

Did you ever think that would become of the tobacco habit if there were no profit in selling tobacco? Was anyone ever born with a taste for tobacco? On the contrary, everyone is born with a taste against it—tobacco produces sickness for the first few times it is used. If there were no money in poisoning people with tobacco the tobacco habit would die out with the last of its present victims. We use tobacco today only because it is foisted upon each generation as opium was foisted upon the Chinese and as cigarettes are being foisted upon us now. Billboard advertizing, newspaper advertizing, magazine advertizing, radio advertizing, search every nook and cranny of the country for victims.

GLANCES AT CHURCH HISTORY

Brief accounts of interesting events which occurred at a corresponding time of some previous year.

October 8th, 1905:—President J. Wilford Booth of the Turkish mission preached the first Gospel sermon in Greece, in the Young Men's Christian Society Hall in Athens.

October 8th, 1837:—Five branches of the Church were organized in Preston by Heber C. Kimball. Priests and teachers were ordained to take charge of them. Heber C. Kimball was ordained an apostle by Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris at the age of 34.

October 10th, 1880:—John Taylor became the third president of the Church, succeeding Brigham Young. President Taylor was in the jail at Carthage when the Prophet Joseph Smith was murdered. At that time, he was severely wounded, being struck by four pistol balls. President Taylor fulfilled missions in Britain and France.

October 10th, 1901:—President Lorenzo Snow, fifth President of the Church, died at his home in Salt Lake City. President Snow fulfilled missions in Britain and Italy, and under his administration, a mission was opened in Japan with President Heber J. Grant as mission president.



Of Current Interest

TRAFFIC lights, Belisha beacons, and pedestrian crossings are just another ABC to children playing in the Lordship Recreation Ground, Tottenham, London. The youthful drivers learn all the rules of the road riding their kiddie cars, bicycles and tricycles in a model three-quarters-of-a-mile traffic area.

OWING to danger from faster and more frequent trains on the Southern Electric Railway between London and Maidstone, a new level crossing device has been installed. Telephones have been placed on either side of the tracks for the use of farmers wishing to take cattle across to learn from the signalman whether the line is clear.

AT ELSINORE, Denmark, recently, the set was authentic for the staging of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." The Castle of Elsinore, famous setting for the play, was the actual background for an English production of the story of the melancholy Dane.

A MAN in Hartington, Nebraska, applied for a license for a de luxe model 1904 Reo, with two cylinders, hard rubber tyres, and a chain drive.

A NEW device permits motorists to post letters without leaving their cars. The box has an extended letterdrop, which is held open by a short length of chain while letters are dropped into the box.

News of the Church in the World

THE CHURCH Welfare programme was very favourably reviewed recently by Harry Fotiades, multi-millionaire oil operator and social worker, and his entourage while visiting Salt Lake City, Utah, on their way to the National Parks of southern Utah. Mr. Fotiades commented: "Every Mormon should be proud of his Church membership because of the organization's well-planned welfare programme."

THREE HUNDRED thousand persons—twice the population of Birkenhead—have visited Temple Square thus far this year, according to tabulation completed recently. In this number, each of the states and sixty-five foreign countries have been represented. President Joseph J. Cannon, of the information bureau, and former president of the British Mission, reports that much effective missionary work is being done through this agency. The records show: January 1st, 1939, to date, 302,451 visitors. Same period

last year, 251,184. Tourists have come from as far as Jamaica, Peru, Greece, Java, Chile, Patagonia, North Rhodesia, Bulgaria and Afghanistan to inspect the much-discussed Temple of the Latter-day Saints.

DAVID O. MCKAY, second counsellor in the First Presidency of the Church, was recently feted by the Ogden Stake in honour of his sixty-sixth anniversary. Sister McKay and members of the McKay family, President and Sister Heber J. Grant, and President and Sister J. Reuben Clark, Jr., were among the special guests. President Clark said that the gathering was an exception to the rule, "A prophet is not without honour, save among his own people." President Grant paid tribute to the character of President McKay and said he was very thankful for the support of his counsellors, for the support of all the people, and for the Gospel of Jesus Christ.



From the Mission Field

DOINGS IN THE DISTRICTS

Liverpool

Wigan Branch has announced that Sunday School will be held at 2.30 p.m. and sacrament meeting at 5 p.m. until further notice.

Sister Anne Johnson wishes to express her sincere appreciation to the members of Preston Branch for their kind wishes and the party given in her honour September 30th, 1939, in commemoration of her birthday. She will also long remember the lovely roses and felicitations tendered by Wigan Branch at that time.

Nottingham

The following times of meetings have been announced for the respective branches of Nottingham District: Leicester—Sunday School 11 a.m., sacrament meeting 3 p.m., Relief Society second Sunday of each month 4.45 p.m.; Loughborough—Sunday School 3 p.m., sacrament meeting 3 p.m.; Derby—Sunday School 11 a.m., sacrament meeting 3 p.m.; Eastwood—Sunday School 10.30 a.m., sacrament meeting 6.15 p.m.; Mansfield—sacrament meeting 6 p.m.; Nottingham—sacrament meeting 3 p.m.



DEATH

ISON—Sister Eliza Gunn Ison, 69, of Nuneaton Branch, passed away on Wednesday, September

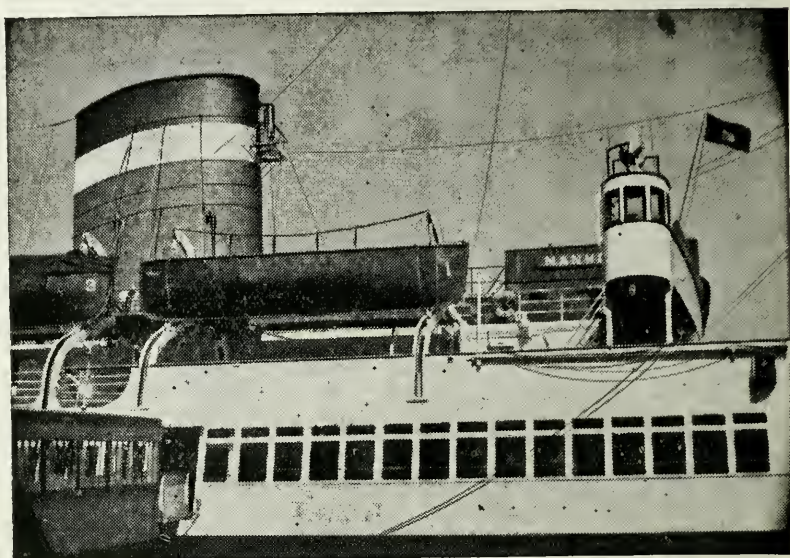
20th. Burial services were conducted by civil authorities on Saturday, September 23rd.

LATTER-DAY SAINT MEETING PLACES IN BRITAIN



- Aberdeen:**
Corn Exchange,
5, Hadden Street.
- Accrington:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
Over 9, Church St.
- Airdrie:**
†L. D. S. Hall,
40, Hallcraig Street.
- Barnsley:**
Arcade Buildings.
- Batley:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
Purwell Lane.
- Belfast:**
†Arcade Buildings,
122, Upper North St.
- Birmingham:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
23, Booth Street.
Handsworth.
Council Schools,
Stratford Road,
Sparkbrook.
- Blackburn:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Saving Bank Chambers,
Lord Street. West.
- Bolton:**
Corporation
Chambers.
- Bradford:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Woodlands Street,
Off City Road.
- Brighton:**
50a, Compton Ave.
- Bristol:**
L. D. S. Hall, Zion Rd.,
off Clarence Road.
- Burnley:**
§L. D. S. Chapel,
1, Liverpool Road,
Rosegrove.
- Carlisle:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Scotch Street.
- Cheltenham-Stroud:**
Theosophical Hall,
St. Margaret's Ter.,
Off North Place,
Cheltenham.
- Clayton:**
*Central Hall.
- Derby:**
Unity Hall.
- Doncaster:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
Trafford Street.
- Dublin:**
†L. D. S. Hall,
8, Merrion Row.
- Eastwood:**
Library, Church St.
- Edinburgh:**
Ruskin House,
15, Windsor Street.
- Gainsborough:**
L. D. S. Hall,
4B, Silver Street.
- Gateshead:**
Westfield Hall,
Westfield Terrace.
- Glasgow:**
South Side
Masonic Hall,
30, Abbotsford Pl., C.5.
- Gravesend:**
16, Austin Road.
- Great Yarmouth:**
Johnson's Rooms,
Northgate Street.
- Grimsby:**
Thrift Hall,
Pasture Street.
- Guisborough:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Back of 13 Church St.
- Halifax:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
35, Brinton Terrace,
Off Hansen Lane.
- Hucknall:**
*Byron Buildings.
- Hull:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Wellington Lane, and
Berkeley Street.
- Hyde:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Reynolds Street.
- Kidderminster:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Park Street.
- Leeds:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
5, King Charles St.
- Leicester:**
All Saints' Open,
Great Central Street.
- Letchworth:**
Vasanta Hall,
Gernon Walk.
- Liverpool:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
301, Edge Lane.
- London:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
59, Clissold Rd., N.16.
Ravenslea Chapel,
149, Nightingale Lane
S.W.12.
57, King Alfred's Ave
Catford.
Ivy Hall,
Wellesley Road.
Gunnersbury, W.4.
- Loughborough:**
Adult School.
- Lowestoft:**
L. D. S. Hall,
20, Clapham Road.
- Luton:**
Dallow Road Hall.
Corner of Dallow and
Naseby Roads.
- Mansfield:**
39a, Albert Street.
- Manchester:**
L. D. S. Hall,
38, Clarendon Road.
C. on M.
- Merthyr Tydfil:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Penyard Road.
- Middlesbrough:**
L. D. S. Hall,
21, Bottomly Street,
Off Linthorpe Road.
- Nelson:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
10, Hibson Road.
- Northampton:**
*L. D. S. Chapel,
39, St. Michael's Road.
- Nottingham:**
L. D. S. Hall,
8, Southwell Road.
- Norwich:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
60, Park Lane.
- Nuneaton:**
Masonic Hall,
Newdegate Street.
- Oldham:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Neville Street.
- Plymouth:**
L. D. S. Hall,
114, Tavistock Road,
Park Street.
- Pontllanfraith:**
Enquire:
81, Brynteg Street
- Preston, Lancs:**
L. D. S. Hall,
44, Avenham St.
Off Fishergate.
- Rawmarsh:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Main Street.
- Rochdale:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Lower Sheriff St.
- Sheffield:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Corner of Ellesmere
and Lyons Roads.
- Shildon:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
100, Main Street.
- South Shields:**
L. D. S. Hall,
36, Fowler Street.
- Staffordshire:**
Washington Bldgs.,
Wolverhampton.
- St. Albans:**
49, Spencer Street.
- Sunderland:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
18, Tunstall Road.
- Tipton, Wolverhampton:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Washington Building,
Berry Street.
- Varteg:**
Memorial Hall.
- West Hartlepool:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
7, Osborne Road.
- Wigan:**
*L and Y Station

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